SONGS, &c.

IN

The Miſtakes of a Day.

A

COMIC OPERA.

WRITTEN

By T. S. DUPUIS,

AND SET TO MUSIC

By J. W. CALLCOTT, M. B.

LONDON:

Printed by C. WATTS, Queen-Street, Groſvenor-Square.

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SONG, Sr. N. Avaro.

ODDS bobs! I remember the Time,
When ſingle, a Lad in my Prime,
My will uncontroll'd d'ye ſee,
From Sweet to Sweet rov'd like a Bee.

Sober or Drunk,
At Home or at Punk,
At Night if I kick'd up a Row;
Where I was who the Devil ſhould know?
Free with my Laſs,
Free with my Glaſs;
There was none to ſay why? but myſelf.

SCENE III.

SONG, HARDY.

I.

WHEN o'er the Ocean's wild Domain
Foul Storm and Tempeſt Rule maintain;
When Elements contending riſe,
And Thunders ſhake th' impregnate Skies;
Aw'd in that Hour, the anxious Crew,
With ſilent Stare, the Horror view,
Their Wives, their Friends, their Home bewail,
And fancy Death in ev'ry Gale.——

II.

Thus when upon the Seas of Love,
In ſearch of Bliſs, my Friend, you rove;
If Fortune roar in angry Gale,
And 'gainſt the Tide the Veſſel fail,
As from aloft the Tempeſt roll,
Deſpair unmans your fainting Soul,
Nor hope you e'er your Bark to moor,
In Peace, upon the Deſtin'd Shore.

AIR

AIR, BELVILL.

Goddeſs of the *Paphian* Grove,
Quit the roſy Bow'r of Love,
Come diſplay your deepeſt Wiles,
Aid a Lover in his Toils;
Crown'd with Bliſs extend your flight,
Roſy Minutes of Delight,
On your panting Boſoms bear,
Tranſports to my yielding Fair;
Bid her ceaſe the plaintive Strain,
Bid her hail your happy Train.
" *Sent from Hymen, fair one,* " ſay
" *Thus we hail your Nuptial Day.* "

SONG, HARDY.

Tho' long you've ſtretch'd to angry Gale,
On Hymens Sea, th' advent'rous Sail;
Tho' long thro' Quickſands plough'd your way,
Still driven from the deſtin'd Bay:
Lo! Fate repells the adverſe Tide!
And bids your Veſſel dauntleſs ride!
Propitious Winds your Streamers court,
Ruſh on, my Lad!— and make the Port.

ACT, II.

AIR, Louisa.

I

When lonely in the defert Scene
Pale Sorrow leads the Heart,
Amidſt the gloom, a Ray ſerene,
Fond Hope will ſtill impart.
Cæleſtial Beam! when Tempeſts roll
That ſhed'ſt a Radiance on the Soul.

II.

Yet think when Mis'ry's thickeſt Night
Extends her ſable Shroud,
When now no more that beaming Light
Can burſt the heavy Cloud.
In vain admidſt the cheerleſs Scene,
You bid the Trav'ler be Serene.

DUETT.

Louisa and Belvill.

Wanton Tyrant of the Heart,
Come diſplay your wily Art,

How

Help to break the Parent's *Chain*,
Bid him hence oppoſe in vain;
Freely let your vot'ries rove,
Hymen is the Chain of *Love*.

AIR, LOUISA.

I.

Free as the Wind whoſe frolick Gale,
Or wantons o'er the Hill or Vale,
'Eer will Cupid lawleſs Rove,
God of *Freedom* and of *Love*;
Full of Frolick, mirth and Glee,
All his Laws are *Liberty*.

II.

Tho ſtern as Fate Papa's command,
To him I hate diſpoſe my Hand,
With Cupid ſtill my Heart ſhall Rove,
God of Freedom and of Love.
Full, &c. &c.

AIR, LOUISA.

Idle *Splendor's* gaudy Flower,
Vainly decks the Nuptial Bow'r,

Vainly

Vainly *Grandeur*'s filly Toy
Lures the Heart with faithleſs Joy;
Soon will *Pleaſure*'s Charms decay,
Soon its Roſes fade away;
Solid bliſs unmix'd with woe,
Conſtancy can only know.

II.

Ne'er do Hearts of virtuous Love,
Range in Pleaſure's noiſy Grove,
Mark it, ſhun the vicious Train!
Nobler Bliſs aſpire to Gain!
How calmly glide its Hours away,
How roſy bright its fetting Day.

FINALE.

HARDY.

SINCE Louiſa, my Lad, into Port you have brought,
And the Battles of Cupid with *Victory* fought;
On the Ocean of *Hymen* with *Love* fill *your Sail*,
So, my Lad, ſhall you ſteer with a proſperous Gale.

SIR

SIR N. AVAR.

Tho' your Hand my dear Empty in Marriage I give,
In lieu of a Dowry this Maxim receive,
'Tis a Maxim of Gold 'twill your Fortune Inhance,
Whatever you do my Dear mind the main Chance.

Young BRAMBLE.

Your Hand my Dear Belvill—get you to your Sport,
While I, Tally ho! to the Copſes reſort;
The Doves of fair *Venus* your Paſſion may be
But the Game of *Diana* for Father and Me.

DUETT.

LOUISA and BELVILL.

While in Love my dear Father and Conſtancy bleſt,
No Riches, no Grandeur my Wiſhes requeſt,
Tho' Treaſures no doubt in your Maxims *may be*,

HE The Smiles of my Belvill are Treaſures to me.
SHE The Smiles of *Louiſa*, &c.

OMNES.

Come haſte to the Wedding let's jovial away
And with Pleaſure correct *the Miſtakes of a Day*;
While you gentle Critics our Labors requite,
And with Candor correct *the Miſtakes of a Night*

FINIS.